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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *November* the 7th, 1754.

THE following letter is written with ſuch an air of truth, that, though it comes from one of thoſe unhappy creatures who have always a ſtory to tell in palliation of their infamy, I cannot refuſe giving it a place in this paper. If the artifice that undid this poor girl be a common one, it may poſſibly be leſs practiced by being more known. All I ſhall ſay farther is, that I have made no other alteration in the letter, than to correct falſe ſpellings and a few errors in the Engliſh.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM the daughter of very honeſt and reputable parents in the north of England; but as an account of my family does in no way relate to my ſtory, I ſhall avoid troubling you with any farther particulars on that head. At the age of ſeventeen I had leave from my father and mother to accompany a neighbouring family of ſome diſtinction to town, having lived in the ſtricteſt intimacy with the young ladies of that family ever ſince I was a child.

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AT our arrival in town, we were viſited by a great deal of company, and among the reſt, by a young gentleman of fortune, who ſeldom paſſed a day without ſeeing us. As this gentleman's family, and that of my friends had been long acquainted, his admiſſion to us was without the leaſt ceremony; and indeed he was looked upon by the young ladies and myſelf rather as a brother than a viſitor. I had often obſerved, and I confeſs, with a ſecret ſatisfaction, that his behaviour to Me, eſpecially when alone, was ſomewhat more particular than to any of my companions; and I could not help placing it to his favourable opinion of me, that he was continually contriving parties abroad to amuſe and entertain us.

ONE afternoon, having been troubled with the headach in the morning, and having therefore excuſed myſelf from dining and ſupping out with the family where I lived, he called, as he had many times done, to aſk us to the play. I expreſſed my concern at the ladies being from home, but fooliſhly ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded to go alone with him into the gallery, after having been laughed at for my objections, and told that I ought to have a better opinion of him than to think him capable of aſking me to do an improper thing.

WHEN the play was over, we took coach to return home; but the coachman, having no doubt received his leſſon, ſtopped juſt at the door of a tavern, telling us that one of the traces was broke, and that he could go no farther. I ſuffered myſelf to be handed into the tavern, while another coach was called, which not being immediately to be had, my companion obſerved to me ſmilingly, that it was a happy accident, and as the family I lived with would not ſup at home, I ſhould be his gueſt that evening; and without waiting for a reply, ordered ſupper and a bottle of champaign. It was in vain that I remonſtrated againſt this propoſal; he knew, he ſaid, that my friends would not return till twelve; and there could be no kind of harm in eating a bit of chicken, and drinking a glaſs of wine where we were. I was frightened at the thoughts of what I was doing, but was indiſcreet enough to conſent. His behaviour to me all the time was the moſt reſpectful in the world. He took care to engage my attention by ſome intereſting diſcourſe, aſſuring me, as often as I attempted to move, that it was quite early, and that till a coach could be had, it was to no purpoſe to attempt going.

I VERY freely confeſs, that being extremely heated at the playhouſe, I was tempted to drink a glaſs or two

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of wine more than I was accuſtomed to, which flurried me a good deal; and as my heart was by no means indifferent to Him who was entertaining me, the time paſſed away almoſt imperceptibly. However, recollecting myſelf at laſt, I inſiſted peremptorily upon going; when, ſeeing me in earneſt, he pulled out his watch, and, as if violently ſurpriſed, declared it was paſt two o'clock; adding, in the greateſt ſeeming conſternation, that it would be impoſſible for me to go home that night, and curſing his own folly for the miſchief he had brought upon me.

I WILL not attempt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to deſcribe the confuſion I was in. Yet ſtill I inſiſted upon going home, which he endeavoured to diſuade me from, by ſaying, that he too well knew the temper of the gentleman at whoſe houſe I lived, to think of carrying me thither at ſo late an hour; that he would conduct me to a lady of his acquaintance, who ſhould wait on me home in the morning, and make an excuſe for my lying out. I anſwered him, that I would lie nowhere but at home; that I deteſted myſelf for going out with him, and that I would return immediately, let the hour be what it would. "Let us go firſt of all, replied he, to the la-"dy's, where I will leave you but for a moment, and "ſee if the family are ſitting up for you; for to knock "at the door and be refuſed admittance would ruin "your reputation in the opinion of all the neighbour-"hood." I ſtill inſiſted upon going home; and a coach was accordingly called and procured; but inſtead of carrying me to my friends, it ſtopped at a houſe in another ſtreet. Here I was forced againſt my will to alight. The miſtreſs of it was up; a circumſtance which I ſhould have wondered at, if I had not been frightened almoſt to death, and incapable of thinking, ſpeaking, or knowing what I did.

THE wretch, after having apologized to the lady for the diſtreſs he had brought me into, left me in great haſte, to bring me intelligence of what was doing at home. He returned in a ſhort time, and with the greateſt ſeeming concern in his countenance, told me, that he had learnt from one of the ſervants, that the family had ſupped at home; that they were exaſperated againſt me beyond forgiveneſs; that they concluded me undone; and that they had ſworn never to admit me within their doors again.

I WAS quite thunderſtruck at this intelligence, and accuſed the wretch who brought it me as the vileſt of men.

men. He fell upon his knees, conjuring me not to think him capable of any deſign in what was done, and vowing to ſacrifice his life and fortune to reinſtate me in the good opinion of my friends. I was obliged now to put myſelf under his protection; but refuſed going to bed, though preſſed to it by the lady of the houſe, who called herſelf his relation. Early in the morning, taking the lady along with him, he pretended to go again to my friends; but returned to me with an account that they were quite outrageous againſt me, and abſolutely determined never to ſee me again. I wrote to them in the moſt moving manner that my heart could dictate, and gave the letter to the care of this falſe friend. I wrote alſo to my parents letter after letter, but without receiving a ſyllable from them in return; ſo that I now looked upon myſelf as compleatly undone. The anxiety I ſuffered threw me into a fever, during which time the wretch hardly ever ſtirred from my bed-ſide, vowing that his life depended upon my recovery. I was ſoon indeed reſtored to my health, but never to my peace. My betrayer began now to talk to me of love; and I began fooliſhly to regard him as one that had ſuffered too much for what I could not impute to him as a crime. He ſaw, and took care hourly to improve, my too favourable opinion of him; and at length (for why ſhould I dwell minutely on what I wiſh forever to forget?) by a thouſand ſtratagems on his ſide, and by fatal inclination on my own, irrecoverably undid me.

FROM that very day his affections began to cool: and (will it be believed when I tell it?) he grew in a very little time to hate me to that degree, that in order to get rid of me, and to make our ſeparation my own act, he confeſſed to me the whole ſcheme he had laid to get me; ſhewed me advertiſements in the papers from my friends and parents, offering rewards for my diſcovery; and returned me the letters I had written to them, every one of which he had detained.

I STOOD aſtoniſhed at his villany, and abhorred him in my ſoul. But alas! it was now too late for me to apply to friends. Ruminating one afternoon on my deplorable condition, I was ſurpriſed at ſeeing an elderly lady enter my chamber. She made me an apology for her viſit, and very frankly told me, that from ſome diſtant hints which ſhe had that day received from the miſtreſs of the houſe, ſhe apprehended I was fallen into bad hands; which, if true, ſhe would be glad to aſſiſt me to the utmoſt of her power. She ſpoke this with ſo much

much affection and good-nature, that I made no ſcruple of telling her my whole ſtory, which ſo extremely affected her, that ſhe ſhed tears while I ſpoke, and often interrupted me with her exclamations againſt the villany of men. At the concluſion ſhe offered that moment to take me away, aſſuring me that her houſe, her purſe, and her ſincereſt friendſhip ſhould always be mine. I would have fallen on my knees to thank her, but ſhe prevented me; and ordering a coach to be called, ſhe conveyed me that very evening to her country houſe.

I STAYED there a week, and met with the moſt kind and tender treatment from her. She compelled me to accept of ſome changes of clothes and linen, and then brought me to her houſe in town; where, in leſs than four-and-twenty hours, ſhe told me, without the leaſt ceremony, that I no doubt knew for what purpoſe ſhe had taken me, and that as I could have no pretenſions to modeſty, ſhe hoped my behaviour would be ſuch as ſhould give her no occaſion to repent of her kindneſs to me. I deſired to underſtand her, and was informed (though not in plain words) that my benefactreſs was a bawd, and that ſhe had taken me into her family for the moſt infamous of purpoſes. I trembled with amazement, and inſiſted on leaving the houſe that inſtant. She told me, I was at full liberty to do ſo; but that firſt I muſt pay her for my lodging and clothes. She ſpoke this with great eaſe and careleſſneſs, and then left me to myſelf. I ran down ſtairs with precipitation; but alas! ſcarce was I out of the ſtreet before I was ſtopt and brought back by a bailiff who had a writ againſt me. I requeſted that I might have leave to write to the gentleman from whom I had been taken: for bad as he was, I ſaid, he would not utterly deſert me. I was permitted to write as I deſired; and the wretch indeed anſwered my letter: but it was only to tell me, that as I had thought proper to run away from him, he ſhould have nothing farther to ſay to me; and that, in ſhort, I muſt either ſubmit to conditions, or go immediately with the bailiff. Frightened at the horrors of a priſon, and hoping that my ſtory might move compaſſion in thoſe to whom I was to be introduced, I conſented to do as they would have me. But alas, ſir! I was miſtaken: they liſtened indeed to my ſtory; but inſtead of melting at my misfortunes, they adored me, they ſaid, for my invention. At length, having led the life of a proſtitute for more than a month, I attempted to make a ſecond eſcape, and to fly to the hands of juſtice for protection: but I was again caught, and carried to a ſpunging-houſe; where,

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